The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

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HELEN INVADES THEIR NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT IN SEARCH OF WARREN'S DRESS SUIT

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Mabel Herbert Urner

"Look at that! Three inches too short! Where the Sam Hill did these come from?"

"Why, you've drawn them up too high."

"Too high? Let out to the last notch. When'd you have this suit pressed?" examining the dress coat and vest he had thrown on the bed.

"Today."

"Well, it's somebody else's! That fool tailer got 'em mixed. Now we're in a devil of a fix!"

"Oh, Warren, he couldn't! It must be your suit."

"It is, eh? How about this—'H. Gordon'," finding the name on the tailor's label inside the vest pocket.

"Mr. Gordon!" excitedly. "Oh, that stupid delivery boy! Dora'll have to take it in and get yours."

With anxious directions, Helen folded the suit over Dora's arm and sent her across the hall to the Gordons' apartment to explain the tailor's error.

But the girl returned with the disconcerting message that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Gordon was in and that she could not make their Norwegian maid understand.

"Dear, wear your dinner coat," pleaded Helen. "The Leonards aren't very formal."

"The dinner coat's all right—but what about trousers? They happen to be in style this year."

"Oh," despairingly, remembering Warren had but one pair of trousers for both his dress and dinner coat.

"I'll see if I can locate 'em," girdling about him his long blanket robe.

"No—no, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's not there."

If it had been any one but the Gordons, worried Helen, as Dora hooked her gown. Ever since the unpleasant maid incident, last winter, their relations had been most strained.

"The tailor who presses the clothes left this suit with us, so you must have Mr. Curtis'," explained Helen laboriously to the Gordons' maid.

"This Mr. Gordon's suit?" smiled the girl. "Yes, I take it in."

"But I want the other suit! You don't understand. The tailor got the suits mixed—" she began again with distinct, painstaking slowness.

"Oh, yes, ma'am—yes, ma'am, I understand! I get you the suit."

Helen waited hopefully at the door, but it was a blue sack suit that the girl brought out. Once more she explained that it was black with a satin faced collar, and the maid came smilingly back with a morning coat.

"Know what time it is?" called Warren, appearing in the hall.

"Oh, I can't make her understand," desperately. "She's brought every suit but the right one."

"Then go in and get it yourself."

"Oh, not while they're out!"

"Well, if we're going to that dinner—we can't stand on ceremony."

"Yes, ma'am, you come look—that'll be all right," the maid assured them.

Reluctantly Helen followed her through the long, dim hall. Though they had lived on the same floor with the Gordons for over two years, it was the first time she had been in their apartment.

Past the dining room, with the table set for dinner, a glimpse of a bathroom with elaborate, but unpolished fixtures, and Helen found herself in an overfurnished bedroom cluttered with cretonne-covered boxes and handmade knicknacks that suggested a church bazaar.

"Maybe you find it here." The girl threw open the closet door.

It was a crowded, disordered closet. The shelves were jumbled with hatboxes and the floor littered with shoes and shoe trees. From a cross rod hung Mr. Gordon's suits. Helen went through them hurriedly. A frock coat, a cutaway, four sack suits, an overcoat—Warren's dress suit was not there.

"Maybe in hurry she left it here," suggested the maid, leading the way into the smaller bedroom that in their apartment Helen used as a dressing room.

Here Mrs. Gordon's clothes overflowed the hooks and crowded the door. On the cross-pole hung her better frocks on ribbon-covered hangers, and among them gleamed the satiny black of Warren's dress suit. The sound of a closing door, and the maid ran out with an anxious, "Oh, Mrs. Gordon—I tell her!"

Helen stood paralyzed. Murmured voices from the hall. The girl was trying to explain. But the next instant Mrs. Gordon, looming in the doorway, stared at her intruding visitor in speechless amazement.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," faltered Helen, "but the tailor's boy delivered Mr. Gordon's suit to us, and I—I came to get Mr. Curtis'."

"You came into my bedroom! This is most astonishing! I never heard of such—"

"Mrs. Gordon, your maid couldn't find the suit," in crimsoning embarrassment. "She suggested that I—"

"And you took advantage of an ignorant girl to go prying through my things?"

"Prying?" flamed Helen.

"You couldn't have waited until I got home?"

"We're dining out—Mr. Curtis is waiting to dress."

The coat and vest Helen had taken from the hanger, and now while Mrs. Gordon looked on in contemptuous silence, with burning cheeks and bungling fingers she was trying to free the trousers from the obstinate patent holder.

As Mrs. Gordon stood haughtily aside to let her pass, there was a heavy step in the hall, and Mr. Gordon blocked the doorway.

In unaffected masculine amazement, he gazed at Helen, an incongruous figure in her airy evening gown, awkwardly holding a man's dress suit.

"Mrs. Curtis was exploring our closets when I came in," began Mrs. Gordon maliciously. "It seems the tailor left her husband's suit here, and she inveigled Jane to let her in while we were out."

"Oh, I say, Blanch, I'm sure Mrs. Curtis didn't mean—"

"I've tried to apologize," quivered Helen, "but Mrs. Gordon persists in misunderstanding. The maid couldn't find the suit—she suggested that I come in and look for it. I suppose I shouldn't, but—"

"Why, that was quite all right," Mr. Gordon was following her down the hall. "I'm sorry you've been inconvenienced. Wait, allow me," as he opened the door.

"Oh, thank you," in murmured confusion. "But I—I shouldn't have gone in while you were out. I wouldn't if I'd stopped to think."

"Please don't let it distress you. I'll explain to Mrs. Gordon, I'm sure she didn't understand."

In her own apartment Helen flew into the bedroom, where Warren was waiting in fuming impatience.

Without a word she threw the suit on the bed and ran into her own room. The mortification of that scene was still too acute; just then she could not rehearse it.

In the rush of getting off, there was no time for discussion. But in the taxi Warren's keen glance rested appraisingly on her flushed face.

"What's wrong?"

"Mrs. Gordon came in while I was there—while I was going through her closet!" dramatically.

"Huh, that was a trifle awkward." Then with a chuckle, "Must've given her a jolt. How'd she take it?"

"Don't laugh," tensely. "It couldn't have been worse. She said I took advantage of an ignorant girl's permission to pry through her things."

"She did, eh?" angrily. "That's putting it pretty strong."

"That wasn't half! Then Mr. Gordon came in, but he was very courteous—he tried to smooth things over."

"Yes, I guess Gordon's a pretty decent sort—but that's the difference in a man's attitude. You and Mrs. Gordon have it in for each other—you two are always squabbling."

"Squabbling?" indignantly. "I've hardly spoken to her."

A moment's silence as, swirling a corner with reckless speed, they just missed colliding with a heavy motor-truck.

"Guess that did look pretty bad," muttered Warren reflectively, "you rummaging around in there. Don't much blame her for handing it to you."

"Why, you suggested it," smarting under this injustice. "You had to have your suit—you said we couldn't stand on ceremony."

"Oh, well, it's over now," putting aside the unpleasant incident with masculine indifference. "Forget it!"

"If only they didn't live on the same floor!" deaf to Warren's careless philosophy. "I'm always meeting her in the hall. And now—oh, it'll be unspeakable meeting her now!"

"Yes, you're in Dutch with her, all right, but what's the diff? Don't want to be too chummy with close neighbors anyway." Then as the cab lurched up before a pretentious apartment house: "Hope we get a decent dinner here—not a lot of fancy samples. I feel like some real nourishment."

Its Variety.

"The people who have charge of the making of coins have the cream of government jobs."

"Yes—the cream of mint, as it were."

APPLE BLOSSOMS

By EARL READ SILVERS.

The scent of apple blossoms pervaded the orchard, bringing to Anna Smith poignant memories of a late afternoon three years ago when, in that very orchard, Edgar Gillam had said his last good-by.

She and Edgar had grown up together. Living on adjacent farms, it had only been natural that Edgar should drop over of an evening to sit on the broad porch of the Smith residence.

The Gillam farm was one of the most prosperous in that section of the state; the Gillams themselves were all that could be desired socially, and Edgar, as the only son and heir, was much sought after by the girls of the village. He was a tall, upstanding young man, with light, curly hair which invited stray fingers, and blue eyes which looked at one with a fearless frankness which was almost disconcerting.

But there had been a deep hurt in those eyes when he had said good-by to Anna. The day had started off much as other days, but at noon Ned Howell had phoned over from the village and had asked Anna if she would go auto riding with him that afternoon. And Anna, rather flattered by the invitation, had accepted. Ned had been East to college for three years and was spending his first vacation in his home town.

Anna had first met him after prayer-meeting. He had come in the car evidently in search of amusement, and had asked if he might see her home. Edgar, she knew, was waiting at the door, as he had done for the past two years, but she had nodded a happy acceptance to Ned's invitation, and passed Edgar with the barest smile.

Ned had taken her home in the car, but they hadn't gone directly to her home.

"We'll take a little spin," he had said. "It's much too early to go home yet."

And so they had rolled around the country roads while Ned told her of the life at college, of dances, football games and week-end house parties.

"Perhaps you might be able to come East to one of the dances," he had remarked just before he left her. "I would be pleased to have you come, you know."

She had been flattered, immensely flattered, at the implied invitation, and when he suggested that they take another ride the next evening, she had readily consented. In the afternoon she had gone to the orchard to think about it all. And then Edgar had come. He stood before her as she sat on the bench.

"What time did you get in last night?" he had asked.

"Before twelve," she answered. "Why?"

"Were you out riding with Ned Howell all that time?"

"Yes."

"Don't you know," he said, calmly, "that Ned has changed a lot since he went away?"

"Of course, he has; he's a college man now, and he talks of different things, and acts more like an Easterner."

"I didn't mean that."

"What did you mean?"

"I meant that he fell in with the wrong kind of men at college; that he's used to girls who drink cocktails and stay out all hours of the night."

Anna had idly plucked an apple blossom which hung near.

"I'm sorry you don't like him," she had answered. "I'm going riding with him again tonight."

"What!" Edgar's face had grown suddenly white.

"And he's asked me to go to a college dance this winter, and I'm going," Anna had continued.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I don't want you to have anything to do with Ned. But what I want doesn't make any difference, but I'm going to tell you something, just the same. I'm not much at saying things, but ever since I was a little kid, I've thought all the world of you. And I had hoped that in another year, maybe you would promise to marry me, and—and that we could live on my place, and be together all the time—"

She had looked at him wonderingly.

"Why, Edgar," she said finally. "I never cared for you like that."

He had searched her eyes for a brief moment, and then dropped his head.

"No," he had said softly, "I don't think that you do."

That was three years ago. Ned Howell had not come to take her auto riding; instead, he had gone away to visit a friend without so much as a word to her. And Edgar had left two days later for California to take charge of a farm his father had bought.

Suddenly a footstep sounded nearby and a figure stood before her.

"Anna!" someone said.

She caught her breath sharply, hardly daring to look up. But when finally she gained the courage, Edgar, slightly older, but with the same frank blue eyes, smiled happily at her and held out his arms.

"I still care as I did when I was a little kid," he said softly.

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A Tightwad.

He—Here I've spent four years courting you, and you throw me over for another fellow.

She—Well, he spent less time and more money, that's why.

Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

PROHIBITION AND COAL.

Under the above caption a recent number of The Outlook in a "special correspondence" article directs attention to the coal situation. With new factories springing up everywhere to meet war demands, says the author, Lewis T. Theiss, "nothing but a hugely increased output of coal can prevent prices from reaching a ruinous figure." Among the things which stand in the way of increasing the output are, he points out, the draft, the impossibility of employing a greater number of coal miners because of the falling off in immigration, and obvious difficulties in "speeding up" the organized mine workers. "Under these conditions," continues Mr. Theiss, "it is interesting to note the effect of prohibition on the output of coal in regions that have gone dry." He reminds us that when, at the time of the trouble between the Colorado Fuel and Iron company and its employees, the saloons were closed, the average production of coal per man per day was greatly increased.

A comparison made by the White Oak Coal company of West Virginia, covering the three months prior to June 30, 1914, the date the dry law went into effect, and the three months following, shows an increase during July, September and October of 32,198.35 tons. These figures are furnished by Mr. W. B. Reed, chief accountant, who adds: "It is safe to assume that the same rate of increase would be carried out throughout the entire year, and if that be the case, the result would show an increased production per annum, due to the absence of liquor in the field, of 128,793 tons." And this is the increase of a single company.

Mr. J. D. A. Morrow of the Pittsburg Coal Producers' association is quoted as stating to the interstate commerce commission that the production of coal in the Pittsburgh district alone would be increased 5,000,000 tons if strong drink were eliminated.

"In fact," says Mr. Theiss in conclusion, "all testimony on the subject, from factory, mine and shop, tells the same story—take away drink and the efficiency of the workingman increases amazingly. The simplest, the surest, the only certain way of increasing coal production at this time is by prohibiting drink. . . . If we want cheaper coal during the war we must take, as a war measure, the one and only step that will surely increase coal production."

FOOTSTEPS OF FATHER.

The story is told of a saloonkeeper who went home one afternoon and found his wife away from home and his three boys in the back yard, where they had a bench, some bottles and tumblers and were playing "saloon." The youngest, who was behind the bar, had a towel tied around his waist and appeared to be setting up the drinks pretty freely. The father was dismayed at the nature of the children's play, a feeling that turned to the deepest alarm as he realized that actual beer was being dispensed over the make-believe bar, and that his boys were staggering, while a neighbor lad lay drunk under a tree. When the mother returned she found the boys in bed and her husband sobbing like a child. That night the saloon was closed, and its former keeper entered another line of business.

WAR BEER-INSPIRED?

Speaking of the use of beer by the students of Germany, Professor Sinz of the University of Bonn says: "The flooding of the stomach and brain with beer, so prevalent among our students, I regard as a national evil, whether considered from the hygienic, economic or intellectual point of view."

Speaking of its moral effects, Dr. A. Forel of the University of Zurich says: "Among the academic youth of Germany the drinking of beer has truly killed the ideals and the ethics, and has produced an incredible vulgarity." And Dr. Edward Hartman: "Although of all nations Germany has the greatest capacity for culture, the general culture of its higher classes is undergoing frightful retrogression, because of the beer consumption of its students."

BARLEY CROP INCREASES.

More barley is being produced in Washington since the prohibition law became effective than before, according to the annual report of R. D. Jarboe, state grain inspector. He states that the receipts of barley from July 1 to November 1, 1916, were 3,075,719 bushels as against 2,730,525 for the same period of 1915. This in spite of the fact that the demand for the grain for the manufacture of intoxicating liquor has been cut off in all Northwestern states.

Needing a Change.

Some people think that they need a change of air when what they need is a change of themself. They imagine they would be benefited by different surroundings when the trouble is with their disposition. The girls who are so irritable that the household fairly walk on tiptoes, need a change to be sure, but the change should be within, not on the surface.—Girl's Companion.

A company is in New York for additional films features a new camera-carrying case.

Humor of Kultur.

"Here's a fruit tree, still standing. Why haven't you cut it down?" thundered the Teuton commander in France.

The young officer saluted stiffly and explained.

"We saved this tree to hang a pair of old peasants on. As it's their tree, we thought the joke too good to miss."

Even if you were not born rich you can be an iceman.

To be found in bad company is often equivalent to being last.

Feed the Fighters! Win the War!!

Harvest the Crops—Save the Yields

On the battle fields of France and Flanders, the United States boys and the Canadian boys are fighting side by side to win for the World the freedom that Prussianism would destroy. While doing this they must be fed and every ounce of muscle that can be requisitioned must go into use to save this year's crop. A short harvest period requires the combined forces of the two countries in team work, such as the soldier boys in France and Flanders are demonstrating.

The Combined Fighters in France and Flanders and the Combined Harvesters in America WILL Bring the Allied Victory Nearer.

A reciprocal arrangement for the use of farm workers has been perfected between the Department of the Interior of Canada and the Departments of Labor and Agriculture of the United States, under which it is proposed to permit the harvesters that are now engaged in the wheat fields of Oklahoma, Kansas, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota and Wisconsin to move over into Canada, with the privilege of later returning to the United States, when the crops in the United States have been conserved, and help to save the enormous crops in Canada which by that time will be ready for harvesting.

HELP YOUR CANADIAN NEIGHBOURS WHEN YOUR OWN CROP IS HARVESTED !!!

Canada Wants 40 000 Harvest Hands to Take Care of Its 13,000,000 ACRE WHEAT FIELD.

One cent a mile railway fare from the International boundary line to destination and the same rate returning to the International Boundary.

High Wages, Good Board, Comfortable Lodgings.

An Identification Card issued at the boundary by a Canadian Immigration Officer will guarantee no trouble in returning to the United States.

AS SOON AS YOUR OWN HARVEST IS SAVED, move northward and assist your Canadian neighbour in harvesting his; in this way do your bit in helping "Win the War". For particulars as to routes, identification cards and place where employment may be had, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

W. S. NETHERY, Room 82, Interurban Sta. Bldg., Columbus, O.
Canadian Government Agent.

Not All Awful.

Maude—"Marie says that she has an awful lot of friends." Miriam—"Yes; but some of them are not so bad."—Judge.

YES! LIFT A CORN OFF WITHOUT PAIN!

Cincinnati man tells how to dry up a corn or callus so it lifts off with fingers.

You corn-pestered men and women need suffer no longer. Wear the shoes that nearly killed you before, says this Cincinnati authority, because a few drops of freezone applied directly on a tender, aching corn or callus, stops soreness at once and soon the corn or hardened callus loosens so it can be lifted off, root and all, without pain.

A small bottle of freezone costs very little at any drug store, but will positively take off every hard or soft corn or callus. This should be tried, as it is inexpensive and is said not to irritate the surrounding skin.

If your druggist hasn't any freezone tell him to get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

The Ruling Passion.

Floor Walker—Hurry out, madam! The store's afire.

Mrs. Bargain—Oh, is it? Then I'll just wait for the fire sale.

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" not only expels Worms or Tapeworm but cleans out the mucus in which they breed and tones up the digestion. One dose sufficient. Adv.

Matter-of-Fact Lovemaking.

For downright prose Doctor Johnson's offer of hand and heart to his second wife would be very hard to beat.

"My dear woman," said Johnson, "I am a hardworking man and withal something of a philosopher. I am, as you know, very poor. I have always been respectable myself, but I grieve to tell you that one of my uncles was hanged."

"I have less money than you, doctor," demurely answered the lady, "but I shall try to be philosophical, too. None of my relatives has even been hanged, but I have several who ought to be."

"Providence and philosophy have evidently mated us, my good woman," said the doctor as he pressed a chaste salute upon the lady's brow.—Reboboth Sunday Herald.

Old Stuff.

"Miss Searleaf came very near giving her age away the other night."

"How did that happen?"

"She was telling about having once seen a melodrama in which the hero saved the heroine from being decapitated by a buzz saw."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Surely.

"He borrows from Peter to pay Paul."

"Well, that's all right, if you happen to be Paul."

The average man's ship doesn't get in until after the funeral.

A good start has all the requirements of a bad finish.

ON 'WHEATLESS DAYS' Eat POST TOASTIES (Made of Corn)

says Bobby

Quite So.

"We may live to see the airplane in common, everyday use like the automobile."

"Sure! But our chances of living to see that will be better if we leave the experimenting to other people."

Getting Old Too Fast?

Late in life the body shows signs of wear and often the kidneys weaken first. The back is lame, bent and achy, and the kidney action distressing. This makes people feel older than they are. Don't wait for dropsy, gravel, hardening of the arteries or Bright's disease. Use a mild kidney stimulant. Try Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands of elderly folks recommend them.

An Ohio Case

Mrs. E. H. Amerique, 324 W. Jefferson St., Springfield, Ohio, says: "I had a bad attack of kidney complaint brought on by heavy housework. My back pained terribly and sharp twinges often darted through me. I always felt tired and lacked ambition. Soon after I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills, I felt better and continued use gave me a cure that has lasted five years."

Get Doan's at Any Store. 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Not What She Thought.

Horace—There is something I've been trying to tell you for a long time, but—

Marie—Oh, Horace, not here before all these people. Wait. Come this evening.

Horace—It's merely that you have a streak of dirt down the middle of your nose, but I couldn't for the life of me get a word in till just now."

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Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Might Work.

"We are extending too many speeches in the Congressional Record."

"What's the remedy, senator?"

"When a member gets tired let him continue his speech by means of a graphophone."

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DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY
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